

*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very scultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Ofr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Ofr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but well.

*Ofr.* The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very reponsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the Carriages?

*Ofr.* The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

*Ofr.* The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betwene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer no?

*Ofr.* I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiefty, 'tis the breaching time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, hee gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

*Ofr.* Shall I redeliuer you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Ofr.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

*Hor.* This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did Complay with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldst not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your minde dislike any thing, obey, I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will bee now: if it

be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be- times?

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*

*King.* Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht With sore distraction? What I haue done That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaim'e was madnesse: Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*. If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*, Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it: Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so, *Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts, That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house, And hurt my Mother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in Nature, Whose motive in this case should stirre me most To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor I stand aloofe, and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I haue a voyce, and president of peace To keepe my name vnorg'd. But till that time, I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue, And wil not wrong it.

*Ham.* I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play. Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

*Laer.* Come one for me.

*Ham.* He be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th darke night, Sticke fiery offindeede.

*Laer.* You mocke me Sir.

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Giue them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*, Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

*Ham.* Verie well my Lord, Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side.

*King.* I do not feare it, I haue seene you both: But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

*Laer.* This is too heauy, Let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well,

These Foyles haue all a length.

*Ofricke.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:

If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne.

*Giue*

Giue me the Cups, And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake, The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without, The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth, Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin, And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on fir.

*Laer.* Come on fir.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Iudgement.

*Ofr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well: againe.

*King.* Stay, giue me drinke.

*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

*Come:* Another hit; what say you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

*King.* Our Sonne shall win.

*Q.* He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowles to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* Gertrude, do not drinke.

*Q.* I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

*Q.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.

*King.* I do not thinke't.

*Laer.* And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Ham.* Come for the third.

*Laertes*, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am assear'd you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? Come on.

*Ofr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Haue at you now.

*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay come, againe.

*Ofr.* Look to the Queene there hoa.

*Ham.* They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

*Ofr.* How is't *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Springe, *Ofricke*,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

*Ham.* How does the Queene?

*King.* She sounds to see them bleede.

*Q.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd.

*Ham.* Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.

Treacherie, seeke it out.

*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*.

*Hamlet*, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbated and envenom'd: the soule praefise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, heere I lye,

Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

*They play.*

I can no more, the King,  
*Ham.* The point enuoy  
Then venome to thy worlde

*All.* Treason, Treason.

*King.* O yet defend me

*Ham.* Heere thou inco

Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion: Is

Follow my Mother.

*Laer.* He is iustly seru'd

It is a poyson temp'ed by

Exchange forgiuenesse wi

Mine and my Fathers deat

Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heauen make th

I am dead *Horatio*, wretch

You that looke pale, and t

That are but Mutes or aud

Had I but time (as this fel

Is strick'd in his Arrest) o

But let it be: *Horatio*, I a

Thou liu'st, report me and

To the vn satisfied.

*Hor.* Neuer beleue it.

I am more an Antike Rom

Heere's yet some Liquor l

*Ham.* As th'art a man, p

Let go, by Heauen Ile hau

Oh good *Horatio*, what a

(Things standing thus vn

If thou did'st euer hold m

Absent thee from felicitie

And in this harsh world dr

To tell my Storie.

*Ma*

What warlike noyse is thi

*Enter*

*Ofr.* Yong *Fortinbras*, v

To th' Ambassadors of Eng

*Ham.* O I dye *Horatio*

The potent poyson quite c

I cannot lue to heare the

But I do prophesie th' elect

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my

So tell him with the occur

Which haue solicited. Th

*Ham.* Now cracke a N

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing

Why do's the Drumme co

*Enter Fortinbras and English*

*Colours, and*

*Fortin.* Where is this

*Hor.* What is it ye wou

If ought of woe, or wond

*For.* His quarry cries o

What feast is toward in thi

That thou so many Prince

So bloodily hast strooke.

*Amb.* The fight is dist

And our affaires from Eng

The cares are senselesse th

To tell him his comma